

Dragon Rider

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Summary: On patrol Hiccup and the others encounter a large blood red dragon. They go and investigate and to their surprise they learn that this dragon belongs to a man, a fellow dragon rider.

1. Red dragon

**A/N: Hello everyone. A new story and this time a crossover, but I have to say it's my first time writing for both! I will inform you that I'm not planning on making this a long multichapter story, so expect several chapters. So please enjoy and let me know what you thought of it!**

xxx

Hiccup wore a wide smile as he glanced back at his friends. They were on their way back from a patrol, which had, for like the first time in months, been one without problems. Even the twins didn't cause any problems; which was rather strange, now that he thought about it.

But it didn't take long before their peace was broken as Fishlegs shouted. 'Hiccup, look!' His head snapped around and he followed the chubby boy's pointed finger. He stared at a red dragon on an island in the distance. A frown spread over his face, had he seen that dragon species before?

He patted Toothless as he shouted. 'Ho, bud.' The black dragon's head turned around and understanding eyes glanced at him. 'Let's get closer.' The night fury gave him a slight nod as he and the others descended to the island shore.

The red dragon seemed to be asleep as a low snoring noise spread over the sand. They had landed at a safe distance from the dragon and Hiccup turned back to Fishlegs. 'Do you know this species?'

'No and I'm certain that I know all of the species found in the book.'

'Wooh, our nerd doesn't know!' Snotlout joked, but all just ignored him.

'Maybe it's a new one?' Astrid suggested.

'He can help us destroy!' Ruffnut shouted as she high fived her brother. 'Hell yeah.' The other twin screamed in response.

Hiccup glared at the twins. 'Be quiet, we don't want to wake him up.' The two just grinned in response. The one legged boy glanced back at the dragon, it's scales were fire red as they darkened around the eyes, but what most impressed him was the size of the creature, the red dragon was almost twice as large as a full grown monstrous Nightmare. He glanced nervously back at the others before they made their way towards the dragon, making sure not to waken him.

The dragons followed soon after, Toothless eying the red dragon with much suspicion, but since his dragon didn't stop him Hiccup figured that it was alright to go on. He trusted the creature's instincts.

He finally stopped at an arms length of the dragon, who was still deep asleep. A deep frown spread over the brunette's face. Up close he could see the differences between this dragon and the ones he was normally around, the scales were formed in a more circular manner and they lay differently over each other.

It was a whisper from behind that brought him out of his thoughts. 'Why don't you try to tame it?' It was Astrid's soft voice and he gave her a nod in response.

He slowly made his way to the head, under the watchful eyes of Toothless and the rest of his friends. Hiccup gulped slightly as he noticed the large fangs on both sides of the head, they could easily tear him apart. The chief's son reached a shivering hand to the top of the snout.

And as his skin touched the soft nose big eyes shot open. Hiccup stood frozen eye to eye with the dragon. Two deep black eyes glanced at him, narrowing themselves as the dragon seemed to take him in before shifting to his friends and back to the boy. Hiccup could feel the soft growl under his fingers before the head was lifted up in the air, breaking contact with the dragon tamer's soft hand.

A loud roar filled the air, causing the others to panic. They grabbed their weapons as the dragons came closer ready to attack the foreign dragon.

'Stop!' A strong deep voice shouted and all snapped around as the sound of an unsheathing sword could be heard. 'Don't you dare hurt him!' A black haired man shouted, his blue eyes piercing them as his blood red sword was pointed at them.

Hiccup gasped and ran forward as he realized that this could quickly turn into a bloodbath, he stood between his friends and this newly appeared man. He didn't fear the dragon as he had seen in the creature's eyes that it wouldn't hurt them. 'Please, stop!' He

shouted, arms wide as he stared at the man. 'We don't want to hurt anyone, please lower your weapon!' He glanced back at the other riders. 'The same goes for you!'

They looked at each other, but did what they had been asked. The man in front of them hesitated, but as his blue eyes shot to the red dragon he lowered his sword.

Hiccup let out a sigh of relief before slowly making his way forward as he offered the man his hand. 'I'm Hiccup.'

The black haired man bit his lip as he stared at the outstretched hand, but he eventually grabbed it. 'Murtagh.'

A wide grin spread over the dragon tamer's face as curiosity spread over his face, was this man the same as them, a dragon rider? He introduced the other to him before asking. 'And the dragon, is it yours?'

Murtagh let out a soft laugh. 'Can a dragon ever be truly yours? But if you really want to ask it, then yes.' He glanced lovingly at his dragon. 'His name is Thorn.' He slowly patted the red dragon on his side before glancing at the other dragons, blue eyes narrowed themselves as they shifted between the dragons and the children. The eyes growing wide, as if they had just realized something and he snatched Hiccup's hand towards himself.

Hiccup gasped in shock as his hand was dragged forward and turned around. Murtagh stared intensely at his palm before a soft disappointed breath left the man's lips.

'Uhh... can I help you?'

'No... no, it's nothing.' His hand was released and they fell silent again.

It was Fishlegs that broke the silence by asking. 'Can you tell me what species your dragon is? What does it eat? Is this the full grown size or can it grow bigger? Where does it come from? How di-.'

Murtagh laughed as he interrupted the boy. 'Calm down boy, I will tell you everything you want to know.' He walked around his dragon. 'Let's sit down and have something to eat.'

The children and their dragons followed him and discovered a complete campsite hidden behind the large body of the dragon.

Hiccup's eyes shot over the campsite, eventually resting on a large saddle. He stared at it in amazement, he had never seen such a detailed saddle before. Okay, it was true that Vikings did make rather rough items, but this looked like it was made by the best craftsmen with the most soft and gentle hands. 'It's beautiful.' He whispered more to himself than to someone else.

'You like it?' Murtagh had appeared next to him and he gave the other a quick nod. 'It had been made for me a long time ago.'

'Who made it?'

The man looked off in the distance. 'Someone far away from here.' Hiccup frowned at this answer, if you really could call it one, but before he could ask further the man settled himself down next to the campfire. He eyed the others, showing that he wanted them to sit down beside him. 'So tell me, where do all of you live?'

'Berk, several miles further north of here.' Fishlegs replied.

The rest of the afternoon they just talked. Murtagh was rather interested in Berk and the way Hiccup and the others trained their dragons, but although the stranger gladly listened to their stories he was rather reluctant to speak about himself and where he came from. There was some kind of mystery surrounding the man, but Hiccup didn't feel as if they had to fear him.

It was when the sun began to set that the older man stated. 'It's getting late, you need to return home.'

They mumbled in agreement knowing that they had been gone far too long already, but as Hiccup climbed on Toothless his eyes shifted back to Murtagh. The man smiled at them, but the smile didn't reach his eyes, there was a hint of loneliness in those blue eyes.

'Do you want to come with us?'

The others looked nervously at him as Hiccup spoke those words. It was Astrid that leaned in and whispered. 'Are you sure of it?'

Hiccup gulped as he nodded. 'Yes.' He turned back to Murtagh. 'Only if you want to.'

The raven gave him a small smile. 'I would like that.' He quickly turned around to break his camp up before putting on the saddle. It took him less than ten minutes before he sat ready on Thorn and he nodded to Hiccup. 'Lead the way.'

2. Berk

A/N: Hello everyone. I'm so sorry for the long wait, but I have been very busy with work and I know that my beta reader also has been really busy (oh and a thank you for her, because she's a great help!). But even so I'm going to try and give you the next chapter way quicker than you got this one. So please enjoy and tell me what you thought of it._

xxx

Murtagh's eyes shot over the children as they came closer to their home and they eventually stopped on Hiccup. There was something about this boy that made him so different from the rest of the group, different in a good way.

When he had just left Alagaësia he could have never imagined that he would run into dragons again. They may be different from Thorn, but they were definitely dragons. It was far north that he had first encountered them as the creatures attacked a small village, stealing the people's livestock.

He and Thorn had wandered the north for many years... probably too many.

And then he met these children... They had tamed these wild dragons, befriended the creatures they feared. Still he was rather disappointed because he noticed that none of them had bonded with their dragons, at least not like he and Thorn had. His eyes shifted over the one legged boy. He pitied the boy as he saw how much he cared for his black dragon, they may not be able to talk through their minds, but it was obvious that both of them always knew what the other was thinking.

Murtagh. It was Thorn's voice spreading through his mind and he focused back on his dragon. _'We're almost there.'_ He glanced forward, his eyes settling themselves on the island in front of them, the surface was covered with many houses as he saw people scattered between the buildings.

They landed in the middle of the village, probably one of the few places that was big enough to allow Thorn to land and immediately the villagers gathered around them, eying their visitor with a mix of curiosity, suspicion and a bit of fear.

Murtagh climbed off Thorn as he hoped that the Vikings would take it as a peaceful sign, he didn't want to scare them... not that he thought that they were easy to scare.

A rather big, muscular and scary looking Viking made his way through the crowd as he shot concerned eyes between him and Hiccup. 'Son, who's he?' Wait... this big strapping man is Hiccup's father. He rapidly blinked as he stared from father to son, they definitely didn't look like each other.

The boy glanced at him and Murtagh made his way towards the chief and Hiccup, offering the larger man his hand as he stated. 'I'm Murtagh and my partner,' He glanced back at his mighty red dragon. 'is Thorn.'

The large Viking nodded and shook his hand, which he took in a rather tight grip, but the face of the chief was covered in a bright smile as he let out a loud laugh. 'I'm Stoick and I welcome you as a guest to Berk!' Murtagh smiled back at him, it was clear that this man trusted his son.

'Thank you for your hospitality.' He looked at the other villagers and gave them a soft smile. 'We aren't really used to such a warm welcome.' Murtagh said as he remembered the many times he and Thorn were chased out, simply because the people feared Thorn.

The Vikings gave him a quick tour of Berk before the sun began to set and Stoick told him he could stay the night at his and Hiccup's house. He walked inside after saying goodbye to Thorn, who couldn't come inside because of his size, instead he slept next to the house.

'Tomorrow I will show you how we train the dragons.' Hiccup said enthusiastically as Murtagh walked up the stairs, planning to go to bed. The boy wore a wide smile and he grinned back, he liked the boy, Hiccup had something in him that he hadn't seen in someone for a very long time. 'Good night.'

'Good night Hiccup, Stoick.' He answered back as walked up the stairs, but stopped at the top of the stairs as he listened to Hiccup's conversation with his father.

He heard how Stoick sighed deeply. 'Are you sure he's trustworthy?'

'Yeah...' The son answered, but not without a slight hesitation in his voice. 'I mean, he's like us, a dragonrider and I don't believe that he's against us.'

'Still he's a stranger.'

Murtagh's smile fell, he should have known... He never really belonged anywhere. He turned around and he went to bed.

xxx

Murtagh leaned against the wall as he watched the children train their dragons. A smile spread across his face, they reminded him of himself when he just received Thorn, even though he had been under the rule of a wicked king.

There were a lot of techniques that he wanted to try on Thorn... but as soon as they appeared in his mind he heard his dragon growl in opposition. Thorn was a free spirit and even when Murtagh was his rider he didn't want to be ruled.

'You want to try it?' It was Hiccup's warm voice that shook him out of his thoughts and he looked rather startled at the boy, he hadn't noticed the boy coming towards him.

Murtagh laughed. 'No, thank you.' The brunette's smile fell. 'He doesn't really fit through the opening.' The last he said eying his dragon who glanced at them through the fence, sometimes it wasn't so much fun to be a large and powerful dragon.

'But you could try it with another dragon.'

Just as those words left Hiccup's lips a rather large and deep growl spread through the air. Thorn's jaws were wide open as he glared at the little brunette with dark eyes... Thorn was a rather jealous dragon...

'Calm down!' Murtagh screamed through his mind as he quickly stood up, standing in front of the chief's son, while the others shivered slightly in fear.

'Don't you dare touch another dragon. You. Are. Mine!'

'Thorn!' The red dragon shrank slightly at the raven's loud and deep voice. With only that one word a lot was said between the two of them and the dragon knew he had gone too far... even though he felt that he was right. Thorn gave him a slight nod as he backed away before jumping off the edge and flying away. Murtagh just rolled with his eyes as he stared after his dragon, Thorn just loved to overreact, before he turned back to the slightly shivering dragon trainer. 'He's a rather jealous dragon.'

'Uhh... I guess you're right.' The boy mumbled. 'Should we have to go after him or something like that?'

Murtagh grinned. 'No, he's just overreacting, but I believe it's better if I don't train any of those dragons. Thorn is my one and only dragon and our souls are forever bound together.'

'Thank you.' It was his dragon's voice that spread through his mind, but neither needed to say those words, they already knew it. Murtagh smiled and returned to watching the teenagers train.

xxx

He had been in Berk for two days now and he was definitely growing closer and closer to the villagers, he liked them, but... but he still wasn't one of them. He could never be one of them. A deep sigh left his lips, he and Thorn would never fit anywhere.

He and Thorn were currently in the middle of the village, since the red dragon was too big to fit in a house, and a man named Gobber was looking at Thorn's teeth... A slight smile spread over his face as he watched the man do his work, before coming here he would have never thought of sending Thorn to a 'dentist'.

'Ahh, his teeth are rather clean, but you should try to floss more.'

Murtagh's eyes shifted from Gobber to those mighty sharp and probably more importantly big teeth, how in the world was he going to floss every single tooth? But he didn't say this to the man. 'Uhh.. Oka-.' But before he could finish his words they heard a loud scream and their heads snapped around.

Mere seconds later a Viking ran from the docks to the village. Gobber stopped him to ask. 'What is going on?'

The other man looked rather startled at him before eying the Great hall. 'Outcasts.' Was the only word that left his lips before he ran further, probably informing their chief.

Murtagh and Gobber looked at each other before both quickly followed the Viking. The dragon rider glanced once back at his dragon who was still sitting quietly in the same place. _'Stay there.'_

A small smirk spread over Thorn's snout. _'What else would I do?'_ The voice soon went serious. _'Don't do anything stupid.'_

'Of course not.'

He felt the dragon glare at him even though neither could see each other anymore and he turned his attention back to the matter at hand. They entered the Great hall as one of the first, seeing the Viking warrior talking with Stoick. The chief's face going paler and paler. 'Stoick, what's happening?' It was Gobber's loud voice spreading through the room.

The chief looked at them. 'A large fleet of Outcasts are heading this way. We have to prepare for war.' Gobber gave him a quick nod before rushing out again as the man probably already knew what he had to do in a situation like this.

Murtagh stayed as he wasn't completely sure what was happening, but one thing he definitely knew... It wasn't a good thing. 'What can I do to help?'

Stoick looked at him as his face changed into one with a mix of worry and suspicion. The man didn't completely trust him yet. 'It's our problem, you don't have to get mixed up in it.'

'It's fine, we... Thorn and I have done our fair share of fighting. You have been good to us, we wish to help you.' And he definitely meant it.

Stoick's face slightly softened. 'Thank you, we could really use the help.' He glanced to the door and the clear blue sky behind it. 'Could you go and warn Hiccup and the other children.' Murtagh nodded before rushing off.

3. Alvin

**A/N: Hello everyone, so here's the next chapter and I hope that you all enjoy it. People are probably going to hate me since it ends with a cliffhanger. Oh and the chapters are getting longer and longer. More I'm not going to say and please enjoy and tell me what you thought of it.**

xxx

Murtagh stared as he leaned against the wall, eying the Vikings from the side as Stoick gave them their final instructions. The warriors quickly left the Great Hall, leaving only Stoick, the kids and Murtagh in the room. It was now that the dragon rider came forward.

Murtagh eyed the group and saw how Stoick looked worriedly at his son. 'So does someone want to explain to me why this Alvin guy is attacking Berk?'

The other looked worriedly at each other and it was Hiccup that replied. 'He's here for me...'

'Why?'

'He wants me to train dragons for his use, but I always refused, knowing that he would use the dragons for war.'

Murtagh breathed deeply, he knew such men, he had once been a prisoner of one. His mind shifted slightly to the memory of Galbatorix and shivers ran down his spine. 'I will help.' He said as his hand reached for his sword. He felt Zar'roc's handle, pulling the sword out of its shaft as he eyed the blood red metal.

'Whoa, it's the same color as Thorn's scales.' He heard Ingrid Mumble besides him.

Stoick looked at him with suspicion clearly spread in his eyes. 'Why?'

He turned to the man. 'Because I have seen what men like that can do,

what they can destroy, how many families they can rip apart.' He clenched his teeth together as he glared at the chief.

'What happened?' Hiccup asked, and as he looked at the others he could see how desperately they wanted to know too.

'... Let's just say that I have had my fair share of wicked men.' He crossed his arms. 'But that isn't the important thing here, we have to prevent that man from overtaking Berk.'

'Yes, he's right.' Stoick eventually said as he turned to the teenagers. 'We have work to do right now, and you can always interrogate him after we have chased the Outcasts away.' The chief slammed his big hand on his son's skinny shoulders, causing the boy to stumble forward. 'Now all of you be careful, let's go.'

Murtagh nodded and he and the others quickly made their way towards their dragons. _'We're going to fight?_' Thorn spoke through his mind as he looked at him with his dark intelligent eyes.

The rider looked once into his eyes before lifting himself onto the red dragon's back. _'Yes, their leader probably wants to capture Hiccup, we have to prevent that.' _He saw how Thorn nodded before the dragon's head turned around and Murtagh himself looked at Hiccup, eying the young skinny boy with worry. He could feel the pressure spread over the boy's shoulders and he felt such a strong desire to protect him.

Toothless jumped up and spread his wings, flying up as the other dragons followed. Murtagh closed his eyes as he felt the familiar force of air brush against his cheeks, even after all these years he still enjoyed ever single second on Thorn's back.

He opened his eyes again and stared down, eying the enemy's ships and he bit his lip. The Outcasts had more soldiers than there were people on Berk, his eyes shifted towards the one legged boy, he could see how his shoulders tensed even further and with a strong wind stroke he and Thorn flew next to him, making sure not to be too close that they would blow the other two away. 'Everything will turn out alright.'

Hiccup looked at him and slowly nodded. 'I hope so.'

'I know, trust me.' Murtagh shouted back and he and Hiccup smiled at each other for another moment before the boy turned back to his friends.

'We fight for Berk!' As Hiccup shouted those words they dived down, targeting the Outcasts as they landed on Berk's shores.

Murtagh again bit his lip as he eyed the sharp edges of their swords, all of the weapons were plain and seemed to be mass produced, but even so he could see how easily they would cut through skin... and scales. Every single time they went to battle he feared for Thorn's welfare, he knew the dragon acted tough, but he also knew what was inside the creature's mind and heart.

Thorn breathed fire and blew up one of the ships, disabling the catapults on board. He heard the men yell in fear as they jumped into the water while the boat sank to the bottom of the sea.

'Let me down.'

They were simple words, but he could feel the fear in Thorn's mind as the red dragon's head snapped around, eying his rider with shock.

'What! Why?'

'You can't blow fire as we don't want to hurt the people of Berk, so my sword is the only way we can do much damage to the Outcasts.' Thorn whimpered slightly, but did what had been asked and began to descend to the ground. _'Try and see what you can do from the air... I will be fine.'_

'Just be careful.' Was Thorn's only response as he let Murtagh off his back and quickly flew into the air again. The raven turned around, unseating his sword as the red blade shined dangerously in the sunlight.

He quickly blocked his first attacker's hit and slashed to his stomach, he ran past the man as the Outcast sank to the ground, his eyes searching for Alvin. He knew that if he at least could hurt the man that his followers would retreat, he just felt that he needed to protect these people... He knew why... because he wasn't able to prevent the people in Alagaësia from getting killed, because there, he was one of the killers.

It wasn't long before he spotted Alvin, he and Stoick were standing eye to eye, both their weapons raised in the air as they waited for the other to make the first move. Murtagh quickly made his way towards the two men, eying them just like the men around them, no one dared to interfere.

'So where's your lil' boy, Stoick?' Alvin roared in a wicked voice, a voice filled with anger and darkness. It was a voice not much different from the one he had heard before, it was like Galbatorix's.

The chief straightened his back, glaring at the other with a murderous look in his eyes. 'Don't you dare lay a hand on him, I won't allow it!' He took a step forward.

Alvin just laughed again before he turned slightly to his men. 'What're you all standing there for, kill them!' The last he growled and the Outcasts didn't need any more encouragement before they ran towards the people of Berk.

Murtagh jumped forward, Zar'roc pointed at the first man's stomach, cutting it before slamming at another man. Metal hit metal and the air was soon filled with many noises, pain filled shouts and men's last dead breaths. He tried his best to protect as many people as possible, but he couldn't stop people from being killed.

He turned around and all blood drained out of his face, he saw Alvin standing above Stoick, his weapon raised high above his head as a wide smirk was spread over his face. He was ready to deal the final blow.

Murtagh took a quick breath before he pushed his way through the crowd, praying that it wasn't too late as he saw the sword going down.

He shot his sword forward and he blocked the hit just before it cut Stoick's throat. Murtagh roared as he pushed Alvin back, standing protectively in front of Berk's chief.

Alvin looked amused at him. 'And who's this little boy?'

Murtagh narrowed his eyes. 'This little boy is named Murtagh and I'm not afraid of you!' Without another word he ran forward, his sword in front of him as he faced the wicked man. Their swords met and he could feel the strength of the larger man, but he wouldn't give in. He was a dragon rider and he wasn't going to give in to such a lowlife of a man.

He pressed back before they separated again and he quickly returned for another attack. He heard Alvin yell in pain at the same time that he felt how Zar'roc's blade touched skin, but he immediately knew that it was just a shallow gash. Alvin hissed slightly as he clutched his left hand against his side.

But as his eyes shot upwards he didn't see anger, but a mix of approval and a slight hint of joy. 'You're really good... Yeah, really good.' With his other hand Alvin leaned on his sword. 'I'm willing to offer you the place as my right hand... or if you decide to refuse then a single trip to the land of the death.'

Murtagh's face turned into one of pure disgust. 'Me... working for you? Never! I'm not planning on working for men like you ever again!' He hissed. 'And I'm also not planning on dying any time soon!'

Alvin was clearly not happy about that as his eyes darkened. 'Fine.' He snarled as he lifted his sword again. 'Then you will die.' Their swords clashed again and the two men were equals, the one having strength, the other having skill.

But what Murtagh wasn't prepared for was a flash of silver as Alvin drew a hidden knife. He jumped backwards, trying to prevent the knife from embedding itself in his stomach, but as he did so he stumbled backwards and fell backwards to the ground.

Alvin was immediately upon him, staring at him with a wicked grin on his face and Murtagh's eyes grew wide with fear before he squeezed them tight, waiting for the final blow, the final pain.

But it never came, instead he heard a dragon's roar and Alvin was thrown off him. The rider quickly got to his feet as his eyes shot over the ground, the Outcast's leader lay a few feet away, groaning as blood dripped down his head. His eyes snapped further, seeing how both Toothless and Hiccup lay on the ground. Toothless groaned from the impact as the boy slowly made his way to his feet.

He quickly ran to the one legged boy. 'Hiccup, are you alright.' He asked worriedly.

Big green eyes looked up at him and Hiccup nodded. 'Yeah, just a little scratch.' The eyes then grew slightly as he eyed the older man worriedly. 'And you, I saw you go down!'

Murtagh gave him a reassuring smile. 'I'm fine, bu-.'

He couldn't finish his words as they again heard a loud growl and their heads snapped around, just in time to see Alvin standing behind them and a large pain filled yell left Hiccup's lips.

4. Truth

**A/N: Hello everyone, so the next chapter in this story. It's all coming to an end and I hope you're all still enjoying this. Oh and if someone knows a got cover image please PM me. I won't hold you up most longer, so please enjoy and tell me what you thought of it.**
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xxx

Murtagh saw how Hiccup fell to the ground, clutching his stomach as blood ran through the boy's fingers. Murtagh's eyes darkened as a dark roar left his lips and he lunged for Alvin.

Alvin just laughed wickedly as blood ran over his blade. He blocked Murtagh's attack, but Murtagh wasn't ready to give in yet, anger was settled deep inside his heart. He wouldn't allow another innocent person to be killed by a monster like Alvin... like he had been. Now he had a chance to change it all, he could be the hero he hadn't been back then.

With another loud growl he lunged forward, again metal met metal, but with a quick motion he unarmed the large Viking. Big ugly eyes looked shocked at him as he plunged the red blade of Zar'roc into the flesh without another thought. He retracted his sword, blood dripping off the blade and he stared at Alvin.

Alvin turned a shocked look from Murtagh to his stomach before a loud and desperate cry left his lips, he clutched his hands over the wound and sank to the ground. Small fast breaths left the 'monster's lips and Murtagh could barely make out his soft words. 'Y-you... I... I will make you pay.'

'No, you won't.' Murtagh said calmly as he saw the life leave the man's body, the red liquid staining the ground.

Alvin looked once more up at him and with a deep breath his last life left his body, eyes going dull as his body went limp.

It was dead silence for a few seconds before it felt like all hell burst loose, enemies started to scream in fear as they ran to their ships, soon followed by the Vikings of Berk.

But Murtagh didn't have an eye for them, his eyes shifted quickly back to the boy, hoping he hadn't failed him. In just a moment he sat by Hiccup, staring at the small chest rising weakly up and down as the boy's face was filled with pain. Blood seeped quickly through his clothes and his father's fingers.

Stoick was desperately trying to stop the bleeding, his eyes filled with fear as he looked like he was about to break.

'Stoick?' He asked softly.

The chief mumbled under his beard. 'I can't let him die... I promised

her... I don't want to lose him too...'

Murtagh gulped, he wasn't quite sure what the man was talking about, but he saw that he wouldn't be much use in this... state. 'Stoick, listen to me!' Those few words made the chief look up. His words had sounded strong, stern, like that of a leader... the same tone of voice as he had heard his brother speak with. 'I know how to save him, but you have to trust me, okay?' Stoick gave him a quiet nod. 'You have to let go of him.'

The father's eyes narrowed themselves. 'If I do that then he will bleed to death.'

'And that's what will happen if you don't let me save him!' Stoick didn't reply and Murtagh took that as a yes. 'Now.' He ordered the chief and the man's big hands retreated themselves.

Blood streamed out of the wound, but Murtagh had to stay focused, he couldn't let Hiccup die. He placed his own hand over the wound, feeling the warmth slip through his fingers as he closed his eyes. Ancient, enchanted words left his lips, his hand and the boy's chest were emitted in a bright blue light.

Hiccup's gasps for air spread over the clearing before they softened and eventually his breath became even again. Murtagh removed his hand and felt the emptiness in his heart, which was soon filled with the magic Thorn gave him through their bond.

His eyes slowly opened and they stayed for a moment on Hiccup who blinked in surprise as he reached for his chest and the wound that wasn't there anymore. Murtagh then looked upwards towards the chief, fearing for what he would see in those eyes... and his fear was true.

Stoick was as pale as snow, looking at him with surprise, shock and anger, they stared at each other. 'Dad?' It was Hiccup's small voice and without a single word Stoick pulled his son to his chest, protecting him from the monster in front of them. Murtagh felt the hurt in his heart, it felt like a dagger imbedded deep in his soul.

'You're a monster!' Stoick hissed through his teeth.

In the back of his head he could hear Thorn roar, nearing him just in case he needed protection. 'I guess I am.' He mumbled in return, the pain clearly there in his voice. He backed slightly away as he saw the anger in the father's eyes and he noticed how the others came near them, mostly the other dragon tamers and Gobber.

'What was that?' He heard Astrid whisper behind him and the same kind of words spread through the crowd before everything fell silent.

Hiccup stared at him and then at his own father, confusion clearly showing on his face before realization spread through his eyes. He pushed himself out of Stoick's arms and crawled towards Murtagh, ignoring his father's hands trying to grab him. 'What did you do to me?... What did you use?'

'I'm not sure that you want to know what I used, like your father

said, I'm a monster.'

Hiccup shook his head as he glared at his father. 'You're not... If you where then you wouldn't have saved me... us.' The boy looked him deep in the eyes. 'I-We have known from the start that you are different, just like me.'

'How could you say that he's like you, he just used magic or something like that!' Stoick growled behind his son.

The night fury rider glared again at his father. 'Once you called me different too, wasn't I a monster for siding with a dragon? Befriending them instead of killing, it was something new... just like he is now. We don't know what he used, so it must be wrong, right?' Stoick stared at him, his eyes widening at his son's words, knowing that they were true, so true. Hiccup sighed before he turned back to Murtagh. 'But that doesn't mean that you don't need to explain this to all of us.'

'Yeah...' Murtagh breathed.

A smile spread over the brunette's face. 'Good... oh, and I forgot. Thank you for saving my life.'

xxx

It had been two hours since the end of the fight, since he killed Alvin, since he healed Hiccup.

And now he sat in the Great hall, while almost all of the Vikings stared at him, begging for an explanation so that he didn't dare to stare back. He was afraid, not that he would ever admit it. He didn't know how these people would react to him, to the truth... yes, the truth. He had been hiding long enough and he just wanted to finally tell the truth about himself. Hopefully they would accept it, accept who he was... and probably more importantly that they wouldn't fear him, fear the power that he possessed.

He could feel Thorn's presence against his soul, trying to calm and comfort him. _'Everything will be alright, I'm sure of it.'_ He heard his dragon speak through his mind. _'I talked with Toothless and he says that his human is a good one and that you don't have to worry... And if something goes wrong then I will just bust in and drag you out.'_ He heard the other say with a slight smirk.

Murtagh rolled his eyes in reaction, but still the words had indeed calmed him... well, somewhat.

It was Stoick's cough that quieted everyone as he and Hiccup hurried inside, settling themselves on the other side of the table where Murtagh sat. The three of them were the only ones sitting at the table. Stoick's face was still filled with anger, even though he had calmed somewhat and his son looked at him with a smile on his face. The chief had ordered his son to go and get looked over by the healer who had blinked in surprise as he had examined him, the wound had completely healed.

It was something that he had been rather proud of. His healing skills had improved drastically since he left Alagaesia.

Stoick growled slightly as he crossed his arms over his chest, glaring at him as he asked. 'Now would you mind explaining what you did to my son?'

Murtagh looked nervously at him as he took a deep breath. 'I will... I will tell you everything, the whole truth about who I am and where I come from.' He smiled at Hiccup before he turned to Stoick. 'You're a great father, I saw that since the day I came here... I wasn't as lucky as Hiccup, the man I called father was a monster.' It was rather ironic since that was what he was called himself. 'He died when I was still very young... it was probably the best day of my life. I come from the mainland, a place far away called Alagaësia. Back then there was an great war between the rebels and a tyrant and I was kind of forced into it, because of the name my father left me.'

He stopped for a moment, trying to search for the right words. 'To cut a long story short... It was how I met Thorn, I guess you can say that he's different from dragons like Toothless.' He stared at his palm before he showed it to father and son, allowing them to see the mark Thorn had left on him when he had hatched. 'The two of our souls are bound together, I-.'

'Bound? They're nothing more than animals. Yeah, friends, but bound by souls?' Stoick said as he narrowed his eyes.

Murtagh sighed as he looked at him, how could he explain? 'Yes, we're bound, you could say our souls are one. I understand it's difficult to understand, but I will explain it to you later if you want to know... Dragons are creatures of magic, because of our bond I'm able to use that power as my own, it's what I used to heal you.' The last he directed at Hiccup who stared in shock at him.

'Magic doesn't exist!'

Again he sighed. 'It does... but the two of us were forced to fight for the wrong side, I still regret that. It was only after the dictator was killed that we were free again. Ever since then we have traveled the world.'

Hiccup shifted nervously on the bench. 'I... it sounds so unreal, but it's the truth, right? Are you really still human?'

He bit his lip. 'I'm not completely sure about that either, but I mean well... I only want to protect.'

'How old are you?' It was a sudden question and it also shocked Hiccup when his father asked it.

There was some kind of hope in Stoick's eyes, some kind of belief, but he didn't know what it was exactly, even so he saw that Stoick believed him. 'Almost 220 years.'

5. Conversations

**A/N: Hi everyone out there! So here's the fifth chapter already. It's becoming bigger than I was planning it to become, but oh well. Even when I say that I also have to tell all off you that the next chapter will be the last one. Furthermore I won't say much and I hope

everyone will enjoy this chapter. So please tell me what you thought of it.**_

xxx

The whole room fell silent and Murtagh saw Hiccup's eyes grow wide with both shock and curiosity, while his father just froze up. Murtagh bit his lip as he waited for someone to reply, but as the minutes crept by all that he heard was complete silence.

Hiccup was the first one to move as he blinked rapidly with his eyes and began to gape at him. 'That's amazing... I mean, it's really true, right?' He gave the boy a quick nod. 'But... how is that even possible, no one can live that long.'

'It's because of our bond.'

'Isn't it lonely?'

Murtagh looked away, biting his lip as his thoughts shifted to everyone he had left behind... of them all, Eragon and Arya were probably the only ones still alive. 'A bit... but I have Thorn with me, he's everything that I need. Even so I have to say it feels good to be with other people again.' Both he and Hiccup smiled at each other.

It was then that Stoick breathed in deeply. 'Is everything you said true?...'

Murtagh turned back to the chief, still fearing for what the man would say, but as he stared into those eyes he didn't see anger, there was simply a hint of fear in them, fear of the unknown. 'Yes, everything I said is true.' He sighed and looked away. 'Tell me what you want me to do, if you want me to leave then all you have to do is ask.'

'No!' Stoick almost screamed and Murtagh jolted up, not expecting the sudden shout. In the back of his mind he could feel Thorn react, ready to attack if it seemed needed. His rider's eyes grew wide, fearing that at any moment a sword would cut his throat. 'I... I mean... I didn't want to scare you, the only thing I want is to hear the truth... It's the same as with the dragons... We were blinded, we have been for such a long time, but I know we have to change our ways.' Soft mumbling spread through the room and the opinions were clearly divided.

Murtagh looked shocked at him as a small string of hope spread through his heart, it felt good. 'Y-you would allow me- us to stay here?'

Stoick nodded wildly. 'Yeah, that's kind of what I'm saying. You saved my little boy's life and I saw your skills in battle, you're a great warrior. We must learn to change, try to understand the things we don't know... It's the thing Hiccup taught me.' As he said his last words he brushed his large hand through his stunned son's hair. 'It's hard for me and I think most of the other Vikings, but just like with the dragons I know we can do it.' The chief's eyes shifted slowly through the room, eying his people and hearing their soft murmurings. '... But we can't let you in without first hearing the truth, we have to know that we can trust you.'

Murtagh gave him a soft smile. 'I will tell you... all of you.'

xxx

Murtagh stared forward, his eyes settled on the village beneath him as he watched the people, ignoring the soft rain falling from the sky. A small smile was settled on his lips and he almost felt comfortable without Zar'roc on his hips. He could feel Thorn's joy in the back of his head, enjoying his time with some of the wild dragons.

He saw how villagers were scattered around the village, doing their jobs. He even let out a soft laugh as he saw Gobber yell at Mildew, just like everyone else in the village he wasn't that fond of the old man. The twins were playing pranks on the chief, while Snotlout was hitting on Astrid, which caused her to hit him on the head with her axe.

Even though it was The Vikings he was living with, it felt peaceful, something he hadn't felt for a very long time. He had lived with them for two months and most of them had accepted him along with his magic. Especially since he had healed a woman's broken leg, saved almost a whole harvest and rescued a little boy from drowning... Yeah, people tend to like that.

His thoughts shifted to Alagaësia, to everything that had happened in his past. He sighed deeply, now that he had finally settled down he started feeling homesick. For years he had only wanted to run, run from his memories and everything he had once done and now... now he just wanted to go back. See if his brother was still alive, if Arya was still alive, if they could forgive him for his crimes. A silent tear ran over his cheek.

'Are you okay?'

He was brought out of his thoughts by Hiccup's voice and his head snapped around. They smiled at each other before the brunette sat down next to him. 'Yeah, I'm fine, just thinking.'

The one legged boy narrowed his eyes. 'Are you sure about that, you're crying.'

Murtagh blinked at him for a moment before he brushed the tear away. 'Don't worry about me... I'm just a little ho-homesick...'

'For Agles- Alagaësia, for your brother?'

The raven pulled his legs towards his chest as he placed his hands over his face. '... Yes.' He mumbled and he could feel Hiccup's gentle hand on his shoulder. 'And I'm sorry for it... I mean... You all gave me a home, a place to live and settle down, and now I want to leave again. I'm terrible.'

'You shouldn't be sorry.' Murtagh didn't even dare to look in those bright green eyes, knowing he would feel even worse if he did that. They fell silent, Hiccup staring at the village as he looked at the palms of his hands.

Hiccup shifted closer to him, trying to comfort him with his presence... The boy was so innocent, his soul was still pure. From the corner of his eyes he could see the piece of metal the boy now had to call his leg, to think that his soul was still that pure after all that had happened to him. Hiccup had told him what happened and had simply explained his own thoughts, Murtagh had been shocked. The boy didn't deserve this fate, living with only one leg. Hiccup had so much potential, he would have been a fine dragon rider in Alagaësia, but... that wasn't where the boy belonged, Berk was, is his home.

He could feel Hiccup stand up as he asked. 'Show me some more of your magic.'

Murtagh finally looked up, staring into two bright smiling eyes and the small outstretched hand. He knew Hiccup tried his best... so he took it.

xxx

Thorn's strong paws landed heavily onto the ground and the earth shook under his feet. He stretched his body as he folded his wings against his sides, his eyes settled on the little black dragon not far from him.

Toothless' human was stroking his pitch black scales and Thorn couldn't help, but grin as he watched them, they were still so young, so full of hope.

A slight yawn left his jaws and he let his large body sink to the ground, his head was resting on his front paws. He watched them for several more minutes before the night fury turned his head to him. _'Is something wrong?_' Toothless asked, his voice still bearing the sound of that of a whelp, not that it was so strange, the dragon was still quite young... A slight growl spread through the back of his throat, how did humans call it again?... Toothless was like a teenager, yes, the word was teenager.

'No.' He answered in their dragon tongue_. '... Not with me at least... I fear that my human longs for his nest.'_

'But isn't his nest here?'_

Thorn chuckled slightly. _'He loves your human's village, but I fear that he doesn't see it as his nest. We were both born far away from here.'_

Toothless looked slightly disappointed at him. _'Oh, I see... I don't want to see you leave, I like you and I know that my human likes your's too.'_

Thorn closed his eyes for a moment, thinking about how he should answer, but before any of the dragons could say anything a young voice spread through the air. The red dragon's eyes shifted from Toothless to his human, Hiccup, who was looking at them with confusion in his eyes. 'Is something wrong?' Thorn chuckled slightly as those were the same words that his dragon had used earlier.

Hiccup started to rub behind Toothless' ears as he added. 'What were the two of you talking about?... If only I could understand you.' The

last he added as his eyes fell in disappointment.

Toothless acted almost the same, looking at his human with hurt filled eyes, brushing his head tenderly against the brunette's palm.

Thorn couldn't even imagine how it felt to not be able to communicate with each other... The thought alone made shivers run down his spine, he never wanted to lose Murtagh, his brother, his soul mate. A slight whimper left his snout, he pitied them.

At the sound of the whimper they turned back to him, the night fury tilting his head slightly to the side as he watched him. _'Why did you make that sound?'_

'Because I feel sorry for the two of you, that you aren't bonded in the same way my human and I are.'

The black dragon slightly shook his shoulders._ 'It's fine, I have never known otherwise. The only thing I regret is not being able to talk to him, sometimes I just want him to understand what I try to tell him... He doesn't have enough self confidence._' But just after Toothless fell silent a spark of wonder spread through his deep black eyes and with only one jump he landed in front of Thorn. _'Can you? Can you talk to him for me?'_

Thorn blinked rapidly as his shocked eyes stared at the little dragon before him, he hadn't thought of that yet... It was possible with the elves, so maybe... His eyes shifted for a moment to the human whelp, the boy was strong. _'I will try.'_ Was the only answer, but enough for Toothless as he jumped up and down in joy. The old dragon stretched his tired muscles as he stood up, slowly making his way to Hiccup. He knew how much his soul mate trusted this boy.

He let his mind flow out to the Viking as he leaned forward, his mind and his snout touching the boy at the exact same moment. He could feel the human stiffen in shock, but it didn't take long before he relaxed again, closing his emerald green eyes. _'Young whelp.'_ He spoke through to the boy's mind.

'What, who!' Hiccup screamed in shock. '... Thorn is that you?' He added as he seemed to have calmed somewhat.

The dragon snickered. _'Yes, it is me. Toothless asked me to talk to you.'_

'How do you do this? Can Toothless do this too?' Many questions filled the boy's mind and Thorn knew he couldn't answer all of them.

'Only I can, and no Toothless can't talk to you like this. That's why I talk to you for him. He has many things he wants to tell you.'

There were many questions between the night fury and the boy and Thorn only felt joy in seeing these young souls' emotions. It was clear how much they cared for each other, they had a bond almost as strong as that of a dragon and its rider... maybe in some points even stronger.

6. A new chapter

__**A/N: Hello everyone! So this is the last chapter of this story. I always struggle with ending chapters, but I hope you will all enjoy this ending. I have gone with a bit of an unrealistic ending, but I just wanted to do this and since it's a fanfiction... I had a lot of fun writing this story and I hope you all also enjoyed it. Big thanks to my beta reader; Miss Persuasion, who was a great help and a big inspiration.**__

__**So enjoy this last chapter and everyone gets a cookie from me! Oh and please tell me what you thought of it, good, bad? What could be better and what did you enjoy?__**__

xxx

A deep sigh left Murtagh's lips as he stared at the bag on his bed. He and Thorn had been talking... talking for a very long time and they came to an important decision. They were going to leave Berk.

It had been a difficult decision and one he hadn't made lightly, but... he knew that this wasn't his home. He liked Berk and all of his new friends, especially Hiccup and Toothless, but he would only hurt them if he stayed here. He and Thorn were bound for life, sharing the same lifespan. He would have to live watching all of them die, and it wouldn't be fair for them or him.

That's why they decided that they would go, hoping that he would be able to meet with his brother and Arya again. Maybe they could even live with the elves... if they had actually forgiven them for the part they had played in the war that is. A shiver ran down his spine, fearing the elves wrath.

But his time in Berk wasn't for nothing, he had learned so much about himself and he knew he would never have been able to go back to Alagaësia without the strength he had received here.

Not that he looked forward to saying goodbye to everyone, he hadn't told anyone about the decision yet and he knew that probably only Hiccup knew about his longing for Alagaësia.

He quickly finished packing, the only thing left to do was to say goodbye to everyone.

He could feel Thorn brush against his mind. __'Are you ready?'__

A sigh left his lips. __'Yes... but I don't want to say goodbye, I will miss them.'__

The red dragon purred against him. __'It will be fine, I promise. I already talked with the dragons and they're all sad that we're leaving, but they can understand it... I only... I only feel that we should give them something for all that they have done for us.'__

Murtagh nodded. __'I know what you mean... I feel the same.'__ A small smile crossed his lips as a plan spread through his mind and he felt Thorn's excitement.

He quickly made his way outside, knowing that the children were training. He was planning on spending his last day together with them. On the way he collected small pieces of wood, a total of six. It didn't take him long to reach the children and he stared with a small smile down at them.

It was when Thorn reached him and curled up behind him that the trainers realized that he was there and Hiccup laughed at them. 'How long have you been up there?'

'Not that long.' He shouted back as he brushed over Thorn's scales. 'But I will just watch for now.' Hiccup shrugged slightly as he turned back to the others.

He leaned back against Thorn's mighty chest as he watched the children train. During the time that he watched them he got out his knife and started to carve the pieces of wood he had found.

Halfway through the training he went down to them, showing them some more of his magic, but mostly just chatting and laughing. The whole day just pained him, on one hand he was having a lot of fun, but on the other hand it was going to be his last day.

He kept telling himself that one day he would come back to see them again, but he knew that wasn't likely... Somewhere in his heart he knew that he wouldn't come back to Berk, he would close this chapter in his life.

He could see the worried glances that Hiccup gave him, the younger boy clearly knew that something was wrong.

The day went by far too fast for Murtagh's taste and it wasn't long before they all sat down to dinner. Murtagh sat opposite Hiccup and the one legged boy was happily talking to him, joined by a rather enthusiastic Fishlegs who went on and on about the eating habits of the Gronckle. Murtagh just laughed as they talked, but the smile slightly fell as he felt the soft touch against his mind.

'Murtagh.' A small growl left his lips as he knew what the dragon would say to him. _'We have to go.'_

'I know, but...'

'You don't want to leave.' Thorn filled in the right words. _'You want to stay with these young whelps. They're clearly an amazing bunch, all of them... but remember that we still have our gift for them and I don't think they will ever forget us.'_

'... I will get my stuff.' With that said he ended their conversation and turned back to the teens. 'Can all of you meet me in ten minutes in the middle of the village?' He told them and before they could even ask him why he left them, quickly making his way outside.

Once outside he let his tears flow, knowing that there would be even more when he said his final goodbyes. He quickly got back to the house, grabbed his bag and went on his way again. First he would go see the chief, knowing that he should tell the man that he was leaving.

He quickly made his way through the crowd as he entered the Great Hall, his eyes searched the room for Stoick and a sad smile spread over his lips when he saw the man. 'Stoick.' He called to the big Viking and the man turned towards him.

'Ah Murtagh, do you need me for something?'

He gave Stoick a quick nod. 'Yeah, there's something I need to discuss with you.' He tried to cover the sadness with an even wider smile. 'I... Thorn and I are leaving.' He immediately said and he saw the shock in Stoick's eyes.

'W-what?' The chief would never admit it, but he was actually quite fond of the smaller man.

'I'm leaving... These past few weeks have been incredible, but somewhere I know that this isn't the place that I belong. I need to go home again, see my brother and make things right again.' He offered the man his hand. 'Thank you for letting me stay here.'

Stoick just stared for a moment at him before he ignored the hand and took Murtagh in a bone crushing hug. 'Don't worry about it, I understand that you have to go, but know that you will always be welcome in Berk.' He set Murtagh back on the ground and looked him in the eyes. 'Have you already told Hiccup, I know that he would be devastated that you're leaving.'

Murtagh panted for a moment, searching for his breath before he answered. 'I'm going to tell him now.'

'Then you go.'

'Goodbye and again, thank you.' He said before disappearing into the crowd again, knowing that a pair of sad eyes stared at his retreating back.

Murtagh made his way to the middle of the village, watching the teens for a moment from the shadows before he stepped forward, smiling at them as they were all grouped around Thorn, the smaller dragons spread around him. 'Hi guys.'

They all turned to face him, worried looks on their faces and Snotlout was the first to react. 'Why did you ask us to meet all the way out h-?' The boy asked slightly irritated, but he was cut off before he could finish his words.

'Why do you have a bag with you?' Hiccup interrupted as he eyed the bag suspiciously.

Murtagh took a deep breath. 'It's because... We're leaving.'

'What?!' All the teens shouted.

'We're going back home... Our stay here has been an incredible one and I have never felt as much at home, but at the same time I realized that this isn't the place I belong.' He laughed at all of them. 'Thank you for what you have done for us.' He saw how they wanted to interrupt him, but he didn't let them, he couldn't let them

as he knew it would be only harder for him. 'I have to go back to my brother and to my own country, I have to make things right again... You have given me the strength to do so.' Murtagh smiled at them. 'Thanks for all you have done for us and Thorn and I have a gift for each one of you.'

He reached into his pockets and pulled out six amulets, all of them shaped differently according to their characters. He could feel the magic spread over his fingers and checked them one last time to make sure that the spells were still intact. He looked up again, starting with Astrid he offered her one of the amulets.

She looked confused at the amulet before turning to face him again. Instead of explaining he pushed it in her hands... Once the wood met her skin her eyes grew wide and her head snapped to Stormfly. Without another word she ran to her dragon, softly speaking to her and completely ignoring the stares the others gave her.

He quickly went to the others, handing them the amulets and they all just ran off to see their dragons. The last one was Hiccup, the boy stared at him completely confused, especially after he had seen his friends reactions. 'What did you give them?'

Murtagh grinned at him. 'The same as I will give you, but... we decided to give you something extra.' As he lay the amulet in the brunette's hand he placed his own palm over the boy's. Murtagh spoke soft words, casting the spell he had inside his mind and a soft blue light emitted from their hands. In the back of his mind he could feel that Thorn did the same to Toothless.

He had given the other teenagers the amulets so they could talk with their dragons, deepen the bonds they had... but he would give Hiccup more, knowing that his bond with Toothless was strong enough. He was going to give them the powers of a true dragon rider, at least the ones that he would share with Toothless. Hiccup would never be able to use magic, but they would share one mind, they would know exactly what the other was thinking and feeling, they would be one.

The light disappeared and big green eyes stared at him before they shifted to Toothless. The two stared at each other for a moment before the boy ran to his dragon, throwing his arms around Toothless neck as a yell of joy left his lips.

A warm smile spread over Murtagh's face as he saw the two of them, knowing that their minds would forever be bound. Thorn brushed his snout against him, feeling the same joy.

'They look happy.'

'Yeah.' Murtagh mumbled as he felt tears touch the corners of his eyes. _'We did something good.'_

'Indeed... but we should go.'

The raven's eyes grew wide, but even so he knew that his dragon was right. They could sneak away now. _'... We... we should go.'_ The words were said with much effort.

Thorn brushed again against him and Murtagh turned back to him, fastened the bag against Thorn's saddle then he climbed on. The two

of them looked once more at the teenagers and their dragons before Thorn jumped up, his wings catching the wind and he flew off.

Murtagh let Thorn guide them as he simply let his tears flow, tears rolling over his cheeks as the cold wind stung his eyes, he may leave, but he knew that Berk would forever be in his heart. He glanced back, watching as Berk disappeared from his sight and right along with his tears a smile spread over his face. He had grown so much and somewhere he knew that he could finally forgive himself for what had happened all those years ago. He was finally ready...

He could open a new chapter.

End
file.